

Good Morning

125

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

By Derek Heberton

ONCE again the crew of Tally Ho came to town, this time on a visit to the Palace to collect the awards made after their return from the Far East.

They came up in strength for this occasion, and the number of awards they received must have made H.M. Submarine Tally Ho one of the most gonged submarines in the Service.

Commander L. Bennington, R.N., received a bar to his Distinguished Service Order and two bars to his Distinguished Service Cross, Lieut. S. A. Warner, R.N., received the D.S.C., as did Lieut. John Steadman, R.N.R., and Lieut. P. D. Scott-Maxwell received a bar to his Distinguished Service Cross.

When the crew left the Palace they moved off in many directions, and I don't think I should be far wrong if I suggested that many of London's hostilities made their acquaintance that afternoon.

Now "Fuse" Wilson's car is only made to hold four, and when he has his cameras, lights and other odds and ends with him, there is room for even fewer. But for Tally Ho we managed to squash in six, for the journey to the Mayfair, where Commander Bennington was entertaining some of the crew.

And that was that, except to say that the party was a success.

FROM Miss Nora Bennett, of the Wolverhampton Sea Rangers has come an explanation of how her girls came to adopt the submarine Rover.

It appears that when the

unit was formed, they had to find a name for themselves before they could be officially registered. As most units take their titles from ships of the Royal Navy, the Wolverhampton Rangers followed tradition and are registered as S.R.S. Rover.

Since taking the name of the submarine, the girls have adopted the crew, and according to a letter I received from Warrant Engineer George Chorrell of that boat, they have been doing a good job.

Several of the girls have, I believe, written to the crew, and if books and magazines have not already arrived on board, I am assured they are on the way.

Seems like the crews of both H.M.S. Rover and S.R.S. Rover have been extremely fortunate.

ONCE again I quote from the London Gazette in re-printing a further list of awards to the Submarine Service.

For exceptional skill, audacity and judgment whilst serving in one of H.M. Submarines:

Bar to the D.S.C.
Lieut. John Charles Young Roxburgh, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

D.S.C.
Temp. Lieut. Philip George Evatt, R.A.N.V.R.

Bar to the D.S.M.
P.O. William Murray Hathery, D.S.M.
L-Seaman Donald Duckers, D.S.M.

D.S.M.
S.P.O. John Martin
A.B. Thomas Horn McAllister.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

"When you think of Cambridgeshire, you picture the Fens," writes D. N. K. BAGNALL, after a tour of the county, and I can imagine a sailor being more easily influenced by their call than a landsman. He is used to an infinite expanse of sea and sky, and would not find it difficult to discern the appeal of wide-stretching distances of lowland and sky. But when visitors go to the shire they make for Cambridge, a town of calm purpose, of unexpected beauties. Something of what they see is pictured on the back page.

I DO not know how many people would trouble to go to Cambridgeshire if it were not that it contained Cambridge. For it may be said that the county is divided into three parts—the more or less typical English countryside of the south-west, the fens which occupy most of the rest of the county, and the University town on the Cam.

And while there are few who would make a special journey to pass through those dismal marsh lands, though once having reached them, many a visitor has found an unexpected deep beauty in them, and few who would not rather seek countryside scenes closer to hand, there is a magic about Cambridge that draws the lover of established beauty and the tourist to it, and not only once, but many times.

That is not to say that even the south-western corner of the county does not contain pleasing things.

The countryside, though rather flat, has some attrac-

tive villages. The thatched cottages, many of them with colour-washed walls, gathered around some grey, flint church make charming pictures.

I have in mind such places as Ickleton, Grantchester, Fowlmere and Fulbourne, and other small places, which can be seen only by taking devious byways, or dotted about the landscape, in miniature, from the slopes of the low hills in the extreme south or those in the Caxton district.

But they have no special claim to distinction; no outstanding loveliness such as would take a man away from his own county (unless it were London).

Indeed, there is better value for your travel in the Fens. There you have something apart from the normal show of things. They are not only instruction in the amazing way in which Nature can give beauty and life to seeming monotony and stagnation; they also serve as a remarkable

example of the way in which man can, by sheer will and labour, convert waste places into productive land.

Nowhere in all England have men worked more tenaciously and patiently through the centuries to wrestle a livelihood from the soil than in the Fens. And even now they wage a constant, though not so chancey, battle to retain their grasp on their winnings.

The effect of the striving is in the character of the Fens. It could not be otherwise. I should think that a man from that landscape is the most determined and bulldog-minded fellow to be found anywhere on earth.

It takes a long time to feel the true spirit of the Fens. The day visitor may find some comfort in the vast stretches of corn or root-crops that clothe the great loneliness, but it is with a great deal of thankfulness that he comes to one of the towns that have emerged from the mire—like Ely, on

its low mound, or March or Wisbech.

But if you give the Fens a chance they can grip you and hold you; I can imagine a sailor being more easily influenced by their call than a landsman. He is used to an infinite expanse of sea and sky, and would not find it difficult to discern the appeal of wide-stretching distances of lowland and sky.

There is no other tract of land where you can stand and watch such arresting schemes of aerial architecture; where clouds look like huge sailing ships ploughing across the sky. One of the finest sights I ever saw was storm-wrack streaming in across the huge canvas of the sky above those silent fens.

There is one particular part of the fens that retains the appearance it must have had since the beginnings of history—Wicken Fen. Only narrow, raised pathways cross its murky expanse where rushes, flowers and sedges flourish, and where wild fowl and insects share a natural sanctuary. It is National Trust territory, and is allowed to remain true fen.

Visitors, unless they are reckless, employ a guide to take them across it, for it abounds in morasses, so that an unwary step on what seems firm grass may land you up to your knees, and, if you have no help at hand, engulf you.

This is the untamed beast. A paradise for naturalists and scientists, but the very devil for the casual traveller.

Not far away is Upware. It is a hamlet with no great charm, but it contains an inn that is known to many people beyond the county borders because of its extraordinary name. It is called "The No Hurry, or Five Miles from Anywhere." And it tells the truth.

Another item of interest in this part of the county is at Swaffham Prior. There, two churches occupy one churchyard.

When you get to know the fens you will find that there are places to which you will return because they have some individual attraction. Thus one man will choose Ely, whose slight eminence seems almost a mountain as you see it from far-off levels, and whose cathedral—one of the largest in England—is a thing of gracious loveliness. Another will go to Wisbech, beside the river Nene, with its dignified Georgian houses and rambling streets. A third will favour March, where they have the finest church roof of timber in all England.

But to whatever town he goes, he will feel the fens at his back, and not be content until he is again testing their appeal.

The fens have one other kind of charm. In winter, when they are frozen, they make the best skating rink in the country—if you can call a stretch of ice, extending sometimes to upwards of forty miles, a rink.

But for one person who visits the fens, fifty—or perhaps a hundred—go to Cambridge, that town halfway between the fens and the normal countryside.

(Continued on Page 2)

Roundabout route for Sto. Reg. Dowsing

ONE thing leads to another—it was looking at a flower-stall in Cambridge that sent "Good Morning" chasing round to 43, Fenchurch Road.

But let's start at the beginning. We took a photograph of Mrs. Stanford, selling flowers, for "Good Morning." She said a popular young chap named Reg. Dowsing used to be on the stall, but was now somewhere in a submarine.

So, of course, off we went to see who was at home at 43, Fenchurch Road. There we found Mother, George and his fiancée, Mary Crow, very busy with the new potatoes and peas—your favourites, too, Reg., so they say.

Unfortunately, Dad was not at home—we just could not wait until 7 p.m., but no doubt the little group we did photograph will please you.



George was home from the Yorkshire mine on sick leave—but he had to return soon. He looks very fit now, and so does Mary—a nice couple.

Mother sends her love—she hopes you got the registered letter she sent on June 22nd. By the way, she makes a nice cup of tea, and cakes too. We had both and felt much better.

Your brother Ben, R.A.F., Cairo, is well. They heard from him recently. We just missed seeing brother Ernest, also R.A.F.

Mr. Clayton is home on leave, and Mrs. Clayton will soon be out of hospital. Ron Willis is somewhere between here and India. Mr. and Mrs. Stanford wish you the best of luck and look forward to seeing you. Much the same was said by several Dear and Co. people.

The river looks just as you know it, canoes idling along, and all very peaceful. But these little craft use quieter water than you have now. Also they keep on top—just as well, too, for submerging would not improve some of the pretty dresses the girls wear.

Did George tell you he may be leaving the mine for the Army? He is keen to make the change.

He didn't tell us much about the Yorkshire mine, but we knew the nasty long drop, and were able to tell George that the chap taking his photograph went down that same mine before he was born. Then it was the longest straight drop in the country (the Yorkshire Main Colliery).

Reflection

Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded...

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Commander Leslie Bennington and the crew of "Tally-Ho" line up outside Buckingham Palace after the investiture.

Comb Our Hair for Dr. Murphy

By Clifford Lackey

I AWOKE feeling sick and depressed. Sharp lights flashed before my eyes, then slowly dimmed. I remembered. I had been brought into the Emergency Hospital the previous night with stabbing pains and peculiar gurglings in my stomach.

When I attempted to sit up the outlines of the ward began to blur and my head started to swim. Soon I realised there was unusual activity going on. My curiosity cleared my head a good deal.

Patients, who were fit enough to work, and nurses were carrying out what appeared to be a double-strength Spring-clean.

"What's on this morning, chum? Something special?" I asked the fellow in the next bed.

"By 'ell, there is an' all," came his Yorkshire reply. Dr. Murphy's inspection this morning. Everything got to be spic and span."

I gave a knowing "Oh, I see," the tone being governed by an extensive knowledge of inspections of my base by visiting Admirals. It seemed that even civilian hospitals weren't immune from the prying eye and pricking comment.

This caused me to feel much better, and to sit up and take notice. It was going to be something of a treat for me to watch the hectic preparations for an inspection without experiencing the anxiety or responsibility of having to take an active part in it.

All the patients in this particular ward were Servicemen; and sailors, soldiers and airmen alike were busy polishing the already mirror-like floor and brass fittings.

Clean linen was being put on the beds, and bed patients were being issued with clean pyjamas.

But despite their tasks, the patients were finding time to take pains with their personal appearances. The up-patients were sprucing up their hospital girl.

blue suits, smoothing the collars of their spotless white shirts, and making neat knots in their brilliant red ties. And although this combination of the national colours was rather more startling than attractive, the men did give the outfit some semblance of smartness.

Even the bed patients were making a grand effort in spite of their handicap.

Propped up, they combed and brushed their hair, some of them even applying liberal quantities of scarce hair oil that I would have saved for better days.

As I took more interest in these energetic preparations, it became apparent that the essential qualities of the usual tenseness before a general inspection were missing.

No anxiety or bustle to cover fearful expectation was to be detected. Instead, the lads seemed to be enjoying their work.

They smiled and joked, and they were calm, but were eager with some anticipation.

What was this? This kind of pre-inspection atmosphere was entirely new to me.

Did this Medical Officer bribe them to these efforts with gifts of cigarettes? Did he actually show appreciation and give praise, and not vocal kicks in the pants?

But if he was so easy-going, why didn't the lads slacken up and take advantage of his laxity? Why such an obviously voluntary expenditure of energy?

Suddenly my sickness reminded me of its existence, and I had to pay attention to my sick stomach which wanted to disgorge something.

While thus occupied, I vaguely heard the ward called to attention.

Dr. Murphy, the Medical Officer, had arrived.

"Feeling better?" a soft Irish voice asked.

I looked up. Dr. Murphy was a beautiful

'Ware These Fish—They're Shocking!

Roger Craig's Warning to Bathers

IF you go swimming in the Mediterranean or Eastern waters, you submarine men, take a warning about shocking fish. This has nothing to do with the problem of fish scarcity in Britain; but it has to do with fish that are far more shocking—fish that can give you an electric shock, in fact.

Several cases have been reported already in the Italian Riviera; but the fish to be avoided live not only there, but in most warm waters.

The Star-gazer, for instance, may not be able to kill you, but it can give you an unpleasant surprise.

It is one of the most extraordinary fish living, for it hides in the sand while it angles for its prey.

Star-gazers are often found in fairly deep pools of clear water. As you gaze into the pool you see far down what might be taken for a wriggling little worm. But look closer and you'll find two eyes looking upward, and these two eyes are built like little periscopes.

The wriggling worm is really a red filament thrust out from a very big mouth to attract living food.

As a piece of mechanism the Star-gazer is wonderful. The eyes work on the hydraulic system and can be raised or lowered at will.

Behind the eyes it has an electric organ, all complete

with an electric plate and battery; and when a small fish comes within range bang goes the current and that is the end of the intruder.

In Egyptian waters, around the Nile district are to be found two examples of fish that send out shocks of electricity. One of these is the fairly well known Elephant fish.

It is to be found in many fresh waters of Africa, and it gets its name from the shape of its snout. It feeds largely on worms, algae and micro-organisms.

The second type is the Catfish, the scientific name of which is Malapterurus. It carries its electricity under a coat of gelatinous material between the skin and the muscles covering the entire body, and the shock is given by operation of a single nerve-cell on either side.

The gelatinous substance is really an insulator of great value to the fish.

The Torpedo fish is one that sometimes comes even to British coasts. One caught some time ago in the estuary of the Tees was found to have swallowed just previously an eel weighing over two pounds and a flounder weighing over one pound.

BACK FIRE.

The shape of the Torpedo fish is like the old-fashioned warming-pan, the handle representing the tail.

It carries its electric organs



One for the Road

Continuing on The Pilgrims' Way

UP with the pack, wayfarer; square the shoulders, step out lively, face to the east.

With a bit of luck we shall be beyond Maidstone this day—unless we are persuaded often from our path by some of the interesting things that lie beside the road.

The main street of Otford is the Pilgrim's Way, though that name is given to a tree-lined road at the east end which goes along the foot of Rowdown Hill.

It is a good road to Kemsing, which, also, has a well regarded for centuries as a holy place, for it was credited with having performed many miraculous cures.

It, and the church, are the most interesting things of that village. Nearby there used to be a milestone dated 1720—certainly one of the oldest in the country. Whether it was lifted during "Invasion Year" or whether it still stands hereabouts, we cannot stay to enquire.

It is a charming strip of countryside we shall be seeing on our trek to-day—moulded downlands, pretty lanes, fascinating old cottages and churches, clear pools and rivers large and small—and, of course, some of those hop-fields and orchards for which Kent is so famous.

But in talking we have lost our route. And small wonder, for beyond Kemsing it is overgrown—nearly submerged!

It becomes a tunnel, not much more than a foot wide, overhung by thick hedges. We go in Indian file.

But it is not for long, and we shall soon have all the open space we want when we get to Wrotham Hill. But before we climb to the summit, notice this field to starboard.

in its rear, and the strength of the discharge depends entirely on the age and strength of the fish. It can be quite a nasty customer when it likes.

One peculiarity of the Torpedo—which has also been called the Cramp fish, and the Numb fish—is that after it sends out its paralyzing current it has to rest before it can send another.

It seems to empty its battery in a bold stroke, and then must, like a submarine, come to the surface to replenish its store of activity.

You may have heard of the Electric Eel. The truth is that it is not an eel at all; it is more closely related to the carp family. Its dangerous weapon is, like that of other fish that give shocks, in its posterior, but it usually has about 200 cells all ready for action. And it can give you a bad jolt.

It is called Blacksole Field. Even Kentish men cannot tell you what its name means—but most of them will prick up their ears if they hear the name of Wyatt.

For it was in this field that Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Men of Kent fought against the troops of Queen Mary in 1554. The Kent men came off worst, and Sir Thomas lost his head to the axe.

There is peace there now. And on Wrotham Hill there is peace. Sit down, for a few minutes, to light a pipe and look out over the Weald with its thick woods and smiling fields. It's a grand sight.

Another narrow lane takes us downwards. We do not enter Wrotham itself, nor Igham, south of it. Both are pleasing places, and the George and Dragon at Igham is a delightfully half-timbered house. Igham Mote, too, is a pleasure—but we will keep on the Way, for there are many miles to go. Even a nearby collection of prehistoric stones shall not lure us from this track that carries us along the side of the downs.

ALTERED.

It is open walking to Bunker's Farm—no real track. We can wander as we please over the springy grass, admiring the scenery. But after the farm, though we have to take a first cast across fields, we strike the Way again just before Paddlesworth.

This was once a thriving village, but it has fallen into decay. The old church became for some time a shelter for hop-pickers, and a fireplace was built for their comfort next to the altar: after that it was used as a barn.

Recent investigation has shown, peculiarly enough, that electric fish are practically immune from electric shock by other fish.

This is in contradiction to what is generally known; but it is beyond dispute.

When two Electric Eels fight—and they do so quite often—they do not shock each other at all. They go all out with their teeth, whirling round and round trying to get a bite; and once they have got a hold they seldom let go.

The reason for this lack of electricity against each other is said to be the fact that electric fish are bad electrolytic conductors.

Their electric organs can be damaging enough when brought into play, and even where the shock is not enough to kill a victim, it usually is enough to numb the part, if not the entire body.

A muddy lane brings us across fields under oaks to Snodland. We will not linger: there is no incentive. Maybe the least said about Snodland the better.

Our next lap takes us over the Medway, and leaving Burham village to the left and avoiding the chalk pits as far as possible, we come to one of the most interesting prehistoric remains in the South Country—Kit's Coty House.

What it is and why it was placed here is unknown, though the learned have made many guesses, some of them fantastic.

It consists of upright stones upon which rests a large horizontal slab. It is said that it was once at the head of one of those great mounds, or barrows, which served as burial grounds.

Not far away are the "Countless Stones"—more prehistoric remains—lying in great confusion all over the grass. The reason for their name is obvious. People who have tried to count them have never agreed as to the number. Though why anyone should trouble is beyond my imagination.

A lane between the Aylesford road and Bluebell Hill carries the Way to the Maidstone road, which we cross, to take another lane leading up to the hills and over smooth grassland towards Boxley and a line of villages which, interesting enough, have no special call to us—unless we drop into the Cock Inn at Delling to occupy ourselves with pint mugs.

Hi! Wait a minute, sailor! I'm coming! Yes, we deserved that.

We have done some stiff climbing and hardy road-work since we left Otford. Why, now we are in form for climbing the hill above Thornham!

And was it worth while? The whole county of Kent seems to be laid out at our feet, with its woodlands and grasslands, its rivers and villages and towns, its main roads and its little winding lanes. It is a panorama hardly to be exceeded in all Kent.

Bearsted, Hollingbourne and Harriestham lie below us as we continue the Way. But we go on to Stede Hill.

Even the Magpie Bank Caves and trees planted by Queen Elizabeth at Hollingbourne cannot stop us now.

More of the yews that have so often pointed us on are our companions on this stretch. A gnarled, knotted avenue of them greet us at Stede, and points the Way to Lenham.

Well, we are beyond Maidstone, as I promised. And tomorrow—why, to-morrow we shall see the towers of Canterbury!

Gran' Ahoy!

INSTEAD of holding her usual family party at her home in Shaftesbury Avenue, Chandler's Ford, Hants, Mrs. Elisabeth Mary Hallett celebrated her 97th birthday by taking a trip on the briny.

Wearing a fine black silk dress which originally belonged to Queen Victoria and was given to her by one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, this lively near-centenarian caught a bus into Southampton with her youngest daughter, Mrs. S. T. Watton, and boarded a pleasure steamer at the Royal Pier.

She made a trip down Southampton Water to Cowes and back, and thoroughly enjoyed the sea breezes and the panorama of the famous sea highway down which the invasion fleet sailed on the eve of D-Day.

"I cannot think of a better way of celebrating my 100th birthday in three years' time," said Mrs. Hallett afterwards.

She has more than 100 direct descendants. Two of her five daughters are great-grandmothers.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

(Continued from Page 1)

Cambridge stands upon the River Cam, says the encyclopaedia. It would be more truthful to say that Cambridge sits upon it. For, if the truth be told, and despite all that Cambridge men may give you to understand, the Cam is hardly a river at all. It is scarcely more than a brook in parts above the town, and even as it flows past the walls of the colleges or by their bounds, it is no more than a moat or an ornamental piece of water—almost artificial in appearance.

Indeed, you can pass through Cambridge without knowing there is a river there at all. The men of the University get what they can from it in boating pleasure, but they find it sadly lacking.

As ornamental water it certainly forms an asset to some of those gracious colleges which have made what would have been a market town into a place of academic splendour.

Cambridge always strikes me as having an atmosphere of calm purpose. It is full of unexpected beauties. It is not merely a collection of ancient buildings, however lovely they may be. And they are outstanding in beauty.

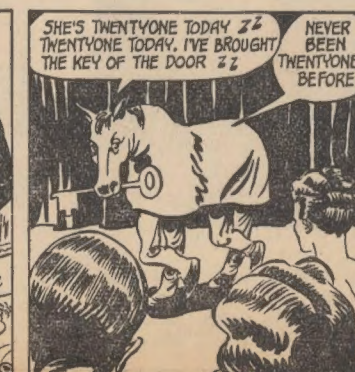
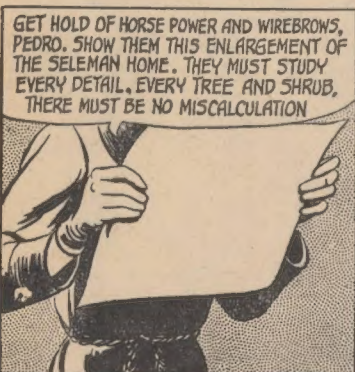
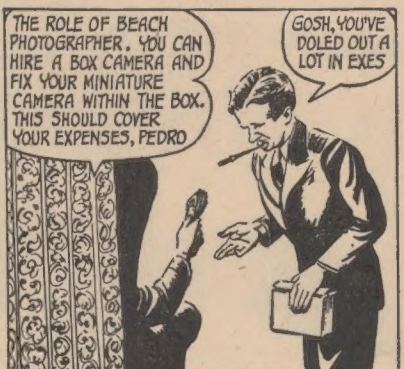
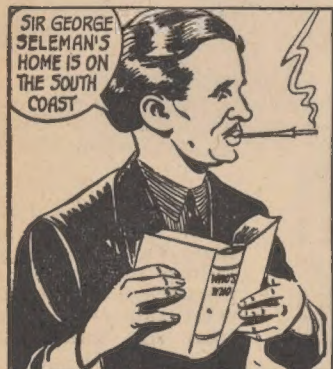
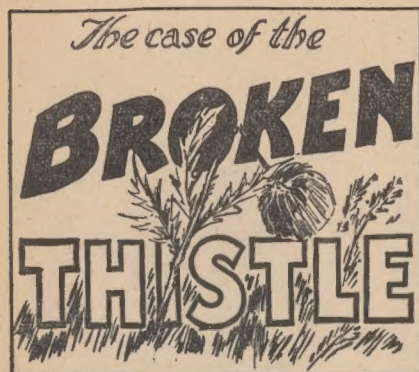
There is nothing in the world like King's College Chapel. The irreverent compare it to a billiard table upside down. But that is unholy cartooning. It is a monument of grace and charm.

And with other parts of the University—Magdalene with its old bridge; Trinity—undoubtedly, the Queen of all the colleges—with its great court and a Hall that is one of the most magnificent banqueting rooms in all Europe; St. John's with that glorious bridge, known as the Bridge of Sighs, and its long courts; Queen's with its old court and narrow cloisters; Peterhouse with its fine combination room, a jewel of a place; Jesus, like an ancient monastery, but containing men who have little in common with monks—there is that feeling of grandeur and culture that impresses the most unwilling to be convinced of the place Cambridge has played and still plays in the development of our national life and that of the whole of Europe.

The town is not all colleges. It has its own individuality. There are excellent shops in Sidney Street, and at least one very fine cinema. Market Street and Petty Cury are pleasant but somewhat exclusive shopping streets, and in Petty Cury is the Lion Hotel, whose covered courtyard is a favourite rendezvous.

But the colleges are the reason why people take that dull journey by rail to Cambridge—and Cambridgeshire.

BUCK RYAN



WITH a changed international situation, stamp dealers, in common with other business people, are making plans. There is a feeling of optimism and expectancy among stamp enthusiasts, a hope that activities will be enlivened by new momentum and big developments open up. The advertisement columns of stamp journals are as eagerly scanned as the editorials for signs of better things to come.

Stanley Gibbons have something to say of their own intentions for the future, though they show their characteristic caution.

Restoration of our pre-war stamp service (writes the editor, Stanley Phillips) depends on two things, having the necessary staff and getting rid of the import and export controls.



There has already been a welcome relaxation in some directions, but we shall want freedom to import from Europe, the U.S.A., Canada, and South and Central America, before we can give full

stamp service, and nobody can say when that freedom will come.

Restoration of a pre-war range of goods on the publishing side of our business depends rather less on staff, though here also there are gaps to be made good. But we need first the long-delayed official permission to make printed stamp albums, and then more paper with which to make them. There will also be the necessity for reinforcement of the printing and binding trades, which are as short of staff as we are, and which will be faced with a terrific rush of orders as soon as more paper is available. Whether paper of pre-war quality can be got soon we do not know, but are hopeful.

Another difficulty, on the album side, will be the question of costs, which have risen very steeply during the war, and may—though we do not yet know this for certain—rule out some of our bigger albums because of the high price at which they would have to be sold.

We are fortunate in having already been able to re-start all the stamp catalogues, but here there is the big editorial job to be done of sifting and listing the war-time issues of enemy and enemy-occupied countries. We shall also have to check carefully our lists of stamps of neutral countries, where defective communications may have caused us to miss something.

We also hope, at a later date, to check over, with the help of our readers, the war-time issues of the British Empire, to see if any varieties have been missed which ought to be included.

This does not, however, involve any reversal of our decision not to list minor varieties of shade, paper and gum.

On the publishing side there is the rationalisation of the Gibbons' Catalogue, the solving of the colour problem, new books, new albums, more accessories—ideas and plans which we had in mind before the war, and which may now, we hope, come to fruition.

It is in the national interest that many of these ideas should be put into practice, as they will result in increased exports, which the country must have if it is to live.



Let us hope that we shall be able to make our plans in a Britain unclogged by hampering restrictions on individual courage and initiative, for we are heartily tired of form-filling and controls, and want, for the sake of our customers, our country and ourselves, to be free to get on with the job.

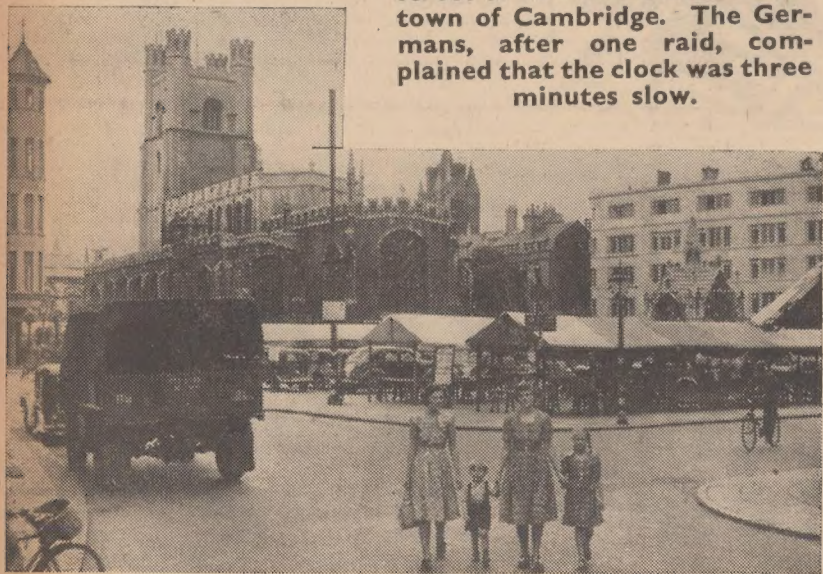
British Guiana has two new values, \$2 lilac and \$3 brown; the design, reproduced here, is of the Victoria Regia lilies. A portrait of President Roosevelt and picture of the White House form the design of a new U.S. series honouring the late President. Also illustrated this week is a further design in the new Brazil series celebrating VE-Day.

**Good
Morning**

CAMBRIDGE



PETTY CURY — the easiest street to find in the whole wide town of Cambridge. The Germans, after one raid, complained that the clock was three minutes slow.



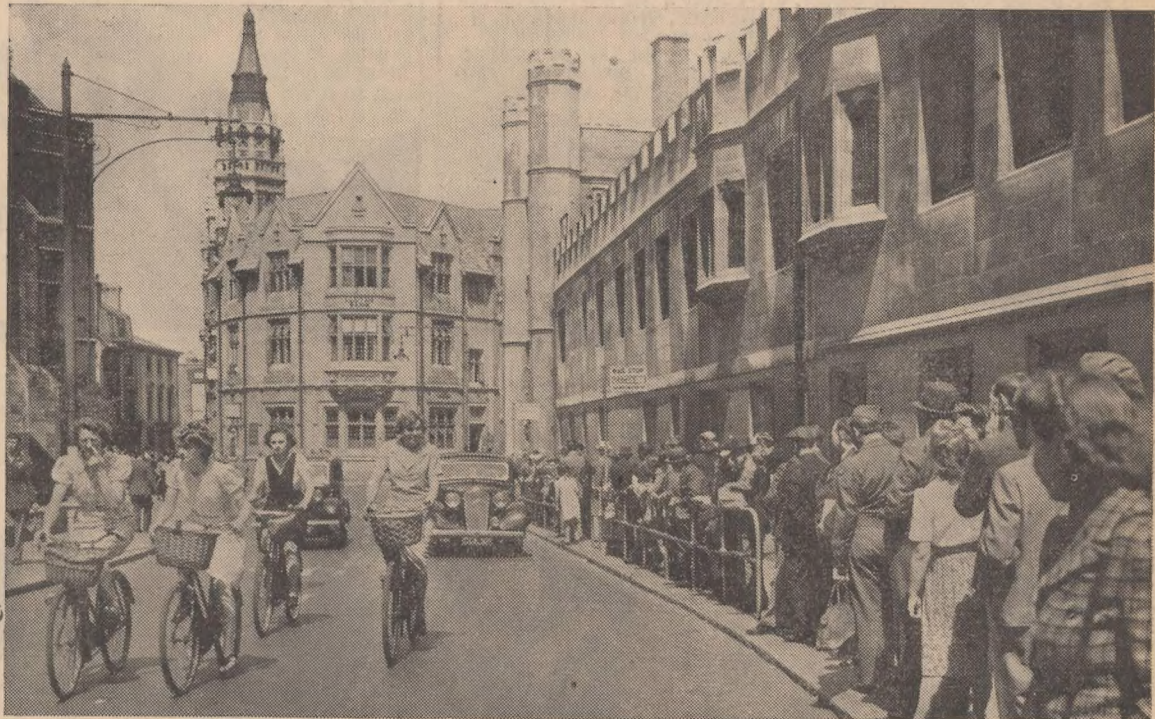
Here is the very heart and centre of this lovely town. It is the Market Square and the University Church—Great St. Mary's—can be seen in the background. Peacefully beating heart of a town where life is lived gracefully.



When summer comes round each year (it was a Wednesday afternoon this year!) a fair is held in Cambridge town. Even Hitler could not stop Cambridge's Mid-Summer Fair—it has been held throughout the war.



Green lawns slope down to the quietly-flowing River Cam. St. John's College can be seen in the background. Somewhat smoother water than the submarines operate in—eh?



BICYCLE TOWN. We always thought that the whole of Cambridge mounted bicycles when they went abroad. Seems we were wrong again—judging by this bus queue in St. Andrew's Street.



The lonely lad is sitting all forlorn, feeding the pigeons in the Market Place. Cheer up, cocker!



Here's the market stall in Cambridge, where Reg. Dowsing worked before he went into Submarines. Mrs. Standford—in charge of the stall—is constantly being asked how Reg. is getting along. Seems everyone in Cambridge knew him and liked him. See story on Page 1.